

November 10, 2016

Dear Cambridge,

I just finished reading an excerpt from the “Birthday Box” by Jane Yolen with Duke. It’s about a girl named Katie who loses her mom at a young age. At first she is pretty distraught, and is mean to her family and friends. But she remembers her mom’s last words to her: “It’s you.” Her mom was referring to an empty box she gave her. Katie finally realizes what her mom meant—Katie is the empty box. She is strong and sturdy, but needs to fill herself and presumably her life, with meaning. It’s at that moment that Katie starts to write again. And we can assume, finds her calling and becomes a writer.

As I was reading I couldn’t help but be envious of Katie. Not that she lost her mom, but that she seems to know, or find her calling as a writer so early in life. I am in awe of people like that. I have had so many interests in my life but have never had one specific interest that I knew I was meant to pursue. I’ve led a more schizophrenic life: teaching, dancing, graduate school, etc. I assume I will end up teaching but I’m not sure if that has been my calling so to speak. In my next life I would pursue interior design or art curating.

Sincerely,

Ms. Fallica